

"VISITING EVERY FLOWER WITH LABOUR MEET,
AND GATHERING ALL ITS TREASURES, SWEET BY SWEET."

VOL. I.....NEW SERIES.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1813.

[NO. 39.]

Epistolary Correspondence.

Mrs. Colville to the Right Hon. Lord Colville.
(Continued from our last.)

YOU well know my abhorrence to every species of censure, and likewise know, that when I have not the power of speaking favourably of any character, I observe a total silence; but I can no longer suffer this delicacy of sentiment to prevent me from endeavouring to open the eyes of my son. Not chusing to detract from the imaginary virtues of Eliza, I considered, that by pointing out the imprudence of such an alliance, I might prove its prevention; but I feel myself now called upon to assign more cogent reasons for my objection to it; and avow her to be an unamiable little flirt. Pride and levity are the predominant features of her character, and to gratify these she would sacrifice her reputation; nay, even on the very day of your departure, when she appeared overwhelmed with affliction, the same chaise which carried you the first stage of your journey, she engaged on its return, to convey her to a neighbouring ball.

Is not this enough to convince you of the flippancy, and, I may add unfeelingness of her character? But if not, I will give you a still stronger proof; and tell you that, at that memorable moment, when she was doubtless charming your ear by vows of eternal constancy, Sir Charles Grenville was concealed in a private room; and when you reluctantly tore yourself from the artful syren, that dissipated young man supplied your loss. With him she danced at the assembly, and with him, unsanctioned by the presence of another female, she returned home at five in the morning.

These, my dear Edward, are only two traits in the being whom you wish me to call by the tender appellation of daughter; but I actually could fill volumes, was I to take the trouble of describing her various acts of imprudence.—That Sir Charles accompanied her to the assembly, I witnessed; for the chaise actually passed my door, and, as it drove by, with an effrontery unparalleled, she kissed her hand to your sister and myself.

Previous to the death of your uncle, Sir Charles Grenville might actually be said to have lived in the house; but since the acquisition of fortune which has fallen to us, he has scarcely passed a week in the neighbourhood. I am told, that Mrs. D——, upon being made acquainted with the alteration in our circumstances, informed the baronet he must either relinquish the pleasure of Eliza's society, or make an irrevocable claim upon it; but that dissipated young man, never having had the most distant idea of marriage, replied, "He readily resigned all pretensions to the young lady's hand; not doubting Lord Colville would put in a prior claim."

And now, my dear Edward, let me ask, if after this simple statement of matter of fact circumstances, you can entertain a serious thought of elevating Eliza to a station in which

the slightest act of imprudence would render doubly conspicuous? or, could you place any confidence in the professions of regard she might make you, after such positive conviction of indifference and imprudence? That she flattered herself with the hope that her personal charms would secure the heart of the gay young baronet, is probable; but how devoid of propriety, nay, how destitute of prudence, was her conduct on the day of your departure; not even to mention the insult it was, to an affection pure and ardent, as that which glowed in your manly breast! But I will not suffer myself to suppose it possible for my Edward to cherish an affection for a young woman who has lost every claim upon his esteem; or believe that he would degrade himself and family by connecting with it a being, by the sacred band of marriage, whose character was not without a stain.

Virtue, my son, is to our sex what true honour is to yours; and that woman, who does not preserve it unsuspected, deserves to meet with contempt and scorn. The interest, the happiness, and the honour, of married persons, are blended together by such an indissoluble tie, that, though there doubtless is a degree of injustice in the opinion, the husband generally becomes a sharer in the wife's disgrace; and, if he is not branded with the epithet of a *Patient Cuckold*, he seldom fails of being accused either of tyranny, or indifference. These are instances, I allow, yet these are not common ones, of females, whose conduct, previous to marriage, might have set the tongue of censure at defiance, but who afterwards indulged themselves in those unpardonable levities, which terminated in the total destruction of domestic peace. The husbands of such women can never be objects either of ridicule or censure; for their situation calls forth the commiseration of every feeling mind. But if a man unites his destiny to that of a coquet, or a young woman who has in the slightest instance deviated from the strict path of propriety, if his honour becomes tarnished, it is nothing more than what he had a right to expect; and the world, instead of sympathizing in his misfortune, treats it with ridicule and contempt.

But enough, my dear Edward, of this unpleasant subject, and every other for the present; for the house clock striking twelve, reminds me that it is time to retire to rest.—May peaceful slumbers be your portion, and guardian angels watch around your bed, is the ardent prayer of,

Your fondly attached mother,

COLVILLE.

MRS. COLVILLE TO MISS COLVILLE,

At the Rev. Doctor Douglas's, Dean of——

The retired habits of life to which you have been accustomed, my beloved Louisa, must of course, render the manners of those who bow to that idol termed Fashion, disagreeable, if not absolutely disgusting; yet you must not attempt to form your opinion of fashionable so-

ciety in general, from the specimen you saw of it at the Hon. Mrs. D——'s, for that would not only prove an error of judgment, but an illiberal mode of deciding.

It has been remarked, and with great propriety, that a stranger introduced into a family, with whose private history he was unacquainted, might generally form a just conception of those who presided at the head of it, by the manners and appearance of the domestics; and the same remark holds good with regard to society, for we may certainly acquire a knowledge of the disposition of our acquaintance by knowing that of their intimate friends.

Birds of a Feather
Will flock together;

is a trite, and, in this instance, an appropriate maxim; and the party assembled at the house of the amiable Mrs. Douglass's fashionable relation, is exactly of the description I should have expected. When I took my leave of what is called the gay world, the Hon. Mrs. Douglass was just entering in it, and, from the levity of manners in which (even as a girl) she allowed herself too great a licence, I foretold the dissipated life she would lead; and admired and followed as she was at that period, I should not have been surprized at hearing she had openly defied the censure of the world. I am delighted at finding my Louisa's manners were such as did not attract the attention of that volatile woman; for had they done so, you would have found it difficult to avoid her pressing invitations; but with such a friend as Mrs. Douglass to protect you, I scarcely need caution you against being seen with her in public.

Yet, as a young woman, upon her entrance into life, cannot be too cautious, and as I know Mrs. D—— to be the perfect child of caprice, it is not improbable that she may hereafter be inclined to offer you a variety of civilities: it is painful, I allow, to return the apparent warmth of friendship with the freezing cold of indifference, or the repelling chilliness of reserve; but such a mode of conduct will be indispensably necessary with every character of Mrs. D——'s cast. You tell me that Mrs. Douglass only pays an annual visit, and this in compliance with her husband's wishes; but, my dear Louisa, so well do I know, that if novelty should give additional charms to your person, and you should happen to receive the attention of the other sex, she will court your acquaintance by the most sedulous attentions, for the purpose of attracting to her parties the most fashionable young men. Your friend Emily Herbert, who you know passed last summer at Cheltenham with her aunt, the Dowager Lady Horton, dined with me yesterday, and gave me several anecdotes, which justify these remarks. Though Emily possesses a greater portion of personal attractions than usually falls to the share of an individual, they were not of the kind which appeared to please Mrs. D——; but when she observed that swarms of the beaux followed her footsteps, and that not to admire her would have been considered as a want of taste, the votary of

fashion suddenly altered her mode of conduct, and offered the ungrateful Emily the most decided marks of friendship and esteem. I call that amiable girl ungrateful, ironically; and from knowing that she despised the woman, who was weak enough to pay the tribute of homage to personal attractions, without endeavouring to discover whether she possessed a single mental qualification. But the truth is, Mrs D——'s charms have long been declining; and those emperas of fashion, who buzzed around her while they were in their zenith, have either discovered the ravages which time makes upon the loveliest set of features, or have been disgusted with the insipidity of her conversation; and, mortified at this change, she makes a point of professing attachment to every new face that is likely to attract a number of fashionable young men to her house.

You will, I fear my dear girl, think your mother is going to adopt a new character, or rather to revive one, which was held in repute amongst the Romans*; but believe me, my love, I feel no pleasure in detraction; and should not have made a remark that might appear illiberal, but from the fear that the lady alluded to might pay you the same attentions she did your amiable young friend.

Impatiently shall I long for a second letter from you, in which I intreat you to open every thought of your heart; and remember, my beloved Louisa, that in your mother you will ever find the most indulgent and the kindest of friends. I was pleased with the description of your new acquaintance, Lady Charlotte Clements; yet, let me caution you, my dearest girl against forming any hasty friendships. In fact, if the growth of that which assuages our cares, is not slow and progressive, it will never arrive at maturity or strength. Those sudden attachments, which are merely formed upon a pleasing exterior, and which are imprudently dignified with the appellation of friendship, are merely capricious partialities, unable to withstand the slightest test. How frequently have I known these pretended friendships destroyed by the simple circumstance of superiority of dress; if vanity did not receive an irrecoverable blow by personal decorations, the pomegranate† bud was for ever blasted by any pointed attention from the opposite sex.

You do not suppose I mean to infer that Lady Charlotte Clements is one of those versatile, frivolous characters: her conduct to you, and the warmth of sisterly affection which she testified, convinces me she is of a different turn; but it is necessary to know well the disposition of a person before you form a strong attachment to any individual, however pleasing their manners, or however well principled their heart.

I rejoice at hearing your mornings are devoted to improvement; how great will be the reward you will reap from this temporary deprivation of what is termed pleasure! and in accomplishments, as well as virtues, endeavour to obtain the zenith; for mere mediocrity may easily be acquired. Nature has gifted you with a sweet voice, but it is in your power materially to improve it; and there is a secret satisfaction in knowing, that by so doing you

* *Censor*, an officer held high in respect by the Romans; a person endowed with authority to correct any impropriety of conduct.

† A plant sacred to friendship: a wreath of the flowers adorns the goddess's head.

will have the power of gratifying your friends; in short, the Great Bestower of all talents never intended them to be wrapped up in a napkin, but that they should contribute to our own happiness, and the benefit of society.

Though the letter which I shall inclose, from my noble boy Edward, may give you reason to indulge the hope of soon embracing him, yet Admiral Montague informs me, there is little probability of it; and to this mortifying disappointment I must patiently submit, trusting that Being, who is a father to the fatherless, will preserve his precious life.

Adieu, my beloved Louisa! may heaven pour its choicest blessings on your head, is the ardent prayer of,

Your attached mother,

COLVILLE

CURIOUS INSTANCE OF THE SAGACITY AND FIDELITY OF A DOG.

THE fame of an English dog has been deservedly transmitted to posterity by a monument in basso-relievo, which still remains on the chimney pieces of the grand hall, at the castle of Montargis in France. The sculpture, which represents a dog fighting with a champion, is explained by the following narrative.

Aubri de Mondidier, a gentleman of family and fortune, travelling alone through the forest of Bondi, was murdered and buried under a tree. His dog, an English bloodhound, would not quit his master's grave for several days; till at length, compelled by hunger, he proceeded to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubri's, at Paris, and by his melancholy howling seemed desirous of expressing the loss they had both sustained. He repeated his cries, ran to the door, looked back to see if any one followed him, returned to his master's friend, pulled him by the sleeve and with dumb eloquence intreated him to go with him.

The singularity of all these actions of the dog, added to the circumstances of his coming there without his master, whose faithful companion he had always been, prompted the company to follow the animal, who conducted them to a tree, where he renewed his howl, scratching the earth with his feet, significantly intreating them to search that particular spot. Accordingly, on digging, the body of the unhappy Aubri was found.

Some time after, the dog accidentally met the assassin; who is stiled by all the historians that relate this fact, the Chevalier Macaire; when, instantly seizing him by the throat, he was with great difficulty compelled to quit his prey.

In short, whenever the dog saw the chevalier, he continued to pursue and attack him with equal fury. Such obstinate virulence in the animal, confined only to Macaire, appeared very extraordinary, especially to those who at once recollected the dog's remarkable attachment to his master, and several instances in which Macaire's envy and hatred to Aubri de Mondidier had been conspicuous.

Additional circumstances increased suspicion; and at length the affair reached the royal ear. The king (Louis VIII.) accordingly sent for the dog, who appeared extremely gentle till he perceived Macaire in the midst of several noblemen; when he ran fiercely to him, growling at and attacking him as usual.

In those rude times, when no positive proof

of a crime appeared, an order was issued for combat between the accuser and the accused. These were denominated the judgments of God, from a persuasion that heaven would much sooner work a miracle than suffer innocence to perish with infamy.

The king, struck with such a collection of circumstantial evidence against Macaire, determined to refer the decision to the chance of battle; in other words, he gave orders for a combat between the chevalier and the dog. The lists were appointed in the isle of Notre Dame, then an unclosed, uninhabited place; Macaire's weapon being a great cudgel.

The dog had an empty cask allowed for his retreat, to enable him to recover breath. Every thing being prepared, the dog no sooner found himself at liberty, than he ran round his adversary, avoiding his blows, and menacing him on every side, till his strength was exhausted; then springing forward, he gripped him by the throat, threw him on the ground, and obliged him to confess his guilt in the presence of the king and the whole court. In consequence of which the chevalier, after a few days was convicted upon his own acknowledgement, and beheaded on a scaffold in the isle of Notre Dame.

The above curious recital is translated from the *Memoirs sur les Duels*; and is confirmed by many judicious critical writers; particularly Julius Scaliger, and Montfaucon, neither of whom have ever been regarded as fabricators of idle stories.

FEMALE COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.

[From a late French paper.]

THE courage and generosity of a young woman who substituted herself for her brother, a conscript in 1806, and who has just returned from the army covered with honorable wounds, is now the subject of much conversation here. The story is true, and the particulars deserve to be known. Virginia Chesquire, born at Delemont, department of the North, district of Lille, finding that her brother, who was ordered to march, was not in a condition to support the fatigues of war, and that he was inclined to continue his studies, obtained from her parents permission to depart for him. They were twins, and very much resembled each other. She presented herself at the depot in the clothes of her brother, and was sent to the 27th regiment of the line, in which she has served six years. She was raised to the rank of sergeant at the battle of Wagram for having saved the life of her Captain, who fell into the Danube, and was in danger of perishing. At the battle of the 2d of May, near Lisbon, where the Duke of Abrantes commanded, her Col. being surrounded by the enemy, she demanded six men whom she could depend upon, with whom she proceeded to his succour—notwithstanding a gun-shot wound which she received in her left arm, she succeeded in saving him, besides making two insurgent Officers prisoners. She also received on this occasion a wound from a bayonet in the left side, was carried to the hospital of Almeida, and thence to that of Burgos, where she was cured of her wound without her sex being discovered—but an illness has since betrayed it, and she has just passed by the city of Cownway to go to her depot to receive the recompence due to her valour, and to be decorated by the hand of the Colonel whom she saved, with the honourable insignia due to the brave.

PUMP OR PERISH ;

AN
OLD ADAGE NEWLY REALIZED.
[From an English Publication.]

A YOUNG Irishman, of respectable family and connections in his own country, but bred up to no useful pursuit, habits of idleness, naturally followed by extravagance and dissipation, led him into some *faux pas* in his own country, which rendered his personal safety rather precarious. A lieutenantcy was obtained for him by his friends in a regiment going to the West Indies, where, however, rooted habits were not abandoned; and, after evincing but very loose and confused notions of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, he was obliged, by the contempt and detestation shewn by his brother officers, to sell out, when he retired to America, where he hoped for a wider field for the exercise of his talents.

A trivial mistake, in writing the name of a friend instead of his own to a Bill Exchange, soon involved him in the labyrinth of a Philadelphia prison. Such ingenious expedients not being tolerated by the American laws, he was convicted, and sentenced to two years imprisonment, and must of course undergo some practical lectures for the improvement of his manners. On entering the prison, he was asked as usual, by the governor, what trade he was bred to? Astonished at the vulgar impertinence of such a question, he answered, he was a *gentleman*, and scorned the meanness of a mechanical trade.

The governor told him the indispensable necessity of learning a trade, as he could not be supported there in idleness, at the expence of the honest and industrious: he must therefore either earn his food or starve. The *gentleman* answered, he scorned to depend on their support, he did not wish to learn a trade; and the best way to settle the difference was to enlarge him. The governor, however, differed in opinion, and told him, since he declined a choice, one must be made for him, which, after trial, he might change if he thought fit. The novice was accordingly stripped, placed in a cistern on the Dutch principle, into which water flowed on all sides, and soon steeped him up to the chin, and his only alternative from drowning was to work constantly at a pump which enabled him to keep the inundation an inch or two below his mouth; and thus, reversing the fate of Tantalus, he remained for eight hours, when his first day's work ended. He was then taken out, and asked if he liked his occupation, and wished to continue it for two years? Heartily sick of his first lesson, the hero answered, "By J— my dear, you may put me to any trade at all at all but that: for if I work *two years* at that I shall die in a *fortnight*." The experiment having thus succeeded in regulating his taste, he was by choice enrolled among the corps of shoemakers, became in a short time an expert workman, returned to his native country on the termination of his imprisonment, and is now an eminent shoemaker at Cork.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

CAPTIOUSNESS, peevishness and violence, produce domestic misery—A fretful woman is her own tormentor, and a torment to all around her, and to none so much as her husband. No day no hour is secure. No incident is so trifling, but it may be wrought up into a family disturbance.

DR. JOHNSON.

It is a remark applicable to most great philosophers, that they are possessed of but few external accomplishments. This is exemplified in the life of Dr. Johnson. He, in many instances, displayed an unpoliteness amounting almost to brutality; but, perhaps, he never received a severer retort than that mentioned in the following circumstance. When the Doctor and Mr. Boswell made the tour of the Hebrides, they stopped at an inn, in which, at the same time, was a Mr. Erskine brother to the honorable T. Erskine, who having heard much of Johnson, and understanding he was in the house—sent up his card, desiring, if agreeable, to spend the day with the Doctor. Mr. Boswell returned an answer in the affirmative, upon which Mr. Erskine went to their apartment. On entering the room, however, the Doctor, who was standing with his face towards the door, turned his back on Mr. Erskine, and deliberately walk'd out at a door opposite. Mr. Erskine seeing this, clapped a shilling into Mr. Boswell's hand. What is this for, sir? said Boswell. "That, sir," said Mr. Erskine, (in a loud tone, calculated for the Doctor to overhear) "is for a *sight of your bear*."

Would not such a language as this have roused the resentment of the most inanimate being; what then must be the feelings of the great man to whom it was addressed; but, will it be believed, that he took no notice of it? It is then, probable, that the reproof had made him conscious of his error; and he wished it to be buried in oblivion.

Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 30, 1813.

WEEKLY RETROSPECT.

THE squadron of Admiral Warren has not been heard of since Sunday last; and from circumstances, it is very presumable it has returned to Bermuda; where (the Admiral informed a prisoner) he expected to receive an answer to his dispatches, relative to the propositions from our government, which on the receipt of them he had immediately sent to England.

In an article from Baltimore it is stated, That the French ships of the line *Le Triton*, and *Le Shuffisante*, and frigates *L'Hortense*, *La Pallas*, *La Seste*, and *L'Amedee*, under the command of commodore *La Hall*, have sailed from Rochfort & Bordeaux, to cruise on the coast of the United States.

It is said that advices from France have been received, stating, that French frigates were to be sent immediately to this country, as part payment for spoils on American commerce.

The French ship *Tamerlane*, with a valuable cargo of brandy, silks, &c. run ashore and captured by the british sloop of war *Tartarus*, inside the capes of Virginia, has been abandoned by the british officer and seamen who had charge of her. She had been got afloat for a short time, but grounded again; the vessel having bilged and the appearance of bad weather, induced the officer and crew to quit her, and go on shore near Lynhaven bay, which they did, 25 in number, and surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

The Spanish ship *Conception*, laden with salt and fruit, from Cadiz to Philadelphia, has been entirely lost on the isle of Shoals, and every soul perished.

The British Frigate *Southampton* and United States brig *Vixen*, are said to be both lost on the Bahamas.

The brig *Edwin*, of Boston, capt. George S. Smith, from Malta bound to Salem, we are sorry to state, has been captured by the Algerines, and carried to Algiers. Capt. Smith was stripped of every thing, and put to hard labor on the mole, but was released from slavery

by the Swedish consul, who had become his security, and taken him under his care.

The bill for building a 44 gun ship, for the ocean, and a ship of 20 guns for Lake Erie, as a gift to the United States, has passed the house of representatives of Pennsylvania.

A letter from Natchez, dated Jan. 5, says, "Last night we had a distressing fire: 20 to 25 houses burnt."

The shock of an earthquake was felt by the brig *Hibernia*, in N. lat. 23, 15, long. 46, 10, W. on the 31st Dec. which continued about 12 seconds, the sky remarkably clear at the time.

The British ship *Rio Nouva*, from London bound to St. Kitts, with a valuable cargo of dry goods, prize to the Baltimore privateer *Rolla*, of one gun and 60 men, has arrived in this port. The privateer having returned the following is an account of her extraordinary successful cruise.

Baltimore, Jan. 25.—Arrived at Annapolis, on Saturday morning, private armed schr. *Rolla*, Dewly, from a cruise. She experienced severe gales, and threw over all her guns except the long one—had 60 men—the loss of her guns did not at all cool the ardour of her gallant officers and crew; for from the 12th to the 15th Dec. near Madeira, they took the following vessels, without the loss of a man, all of which have been ordered to France; They were of the Cork fleet; Ship *Mary*, of Bristol, of 14 guns, with hardware, crates, &c. Ship *Eliza*, of do. 10 guns, with 20,000 bushels wheat; ship *Rio Nouva*, of London, 18 guns, with dry goods; ship *Apollo*, of do. 10 guns, deeply laden with king's stores; brig *Barosa*, of Cork, 6 guns, with beef, candles, dry goods, &c. schr. *Swift*, of Plymouth, from St. Michael's, with oranges, (burnt); and a schooner of Aberdeen, which gave up to some of the prisoners; the remaining prisoners, 80 or 100 in number, were landed at Teneriffe and Maderia. Jan. 15, lat 36 1-2, long 70, spoke Portuguese brig *Flower*, 83 days from Lisbon for Philad, in a starving condition; had been three days without any thing to eat; supplied them with bread, beef, and water; she intended to make the first port. The 11th, lat 35, long 66, spoke two Swedish ships, one from London; the other from Plymouth for N York, for cargoes. Came into the Bay on Tuesday, and came up to Annapolis with the U. S. Frigate *Constellation*, and schr. *Fame*, from Lisbon.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

In this city, Mr. Clement, to Miss Harriet Giffing.
By the rev. Dr. Romeyn, Mr. Joel Sayre, to Miss Sally Brown, all of this city.
By the rev. Richard Moore, Mr. Joseph Houston, jun. to Miss Margaret M'Kay Baldwin, both of this city.
By the rev. Mr. Parkinson, Mr. Ferris Finch, to Miss Mary Woods, all of this city.
At Huntington, (L. I.) by the rev. Mr. Schenck, Mr. John Platt, of this city, to Miss Charlotte Williams, daughter of the late Timothy Williams, esq. all of the former place.

Obituary.

DIED.

In this city, Mrs. Marcia Catharine Van De Vinter, wife of Lieut. Christopher Van De Vinter.
At Greenwich, near this city, Mr. John Foster, aged 26.
After an excruciating illness, in the 14th year of her age, Miss Susannah Ten Tooren Rey, daughter of Emanuel Rey, Esq. a Member of the Royal Council of the island of St. Bartholomews.
Suddenly, Mr. John King, grocer,
Of a short but painful illness, Capt. Lethere Jenney, aged 34 years.
Suddenly, Mrs. Ann Van Ranst, wife of Cornelius W. Ranst, aged 41 years.
Mr. Edward Harwood, aged 27.
After a short illness, which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation, Mrs. Catherine Beckman, wife of Harman Beckman, in the 46th of her age.
Mr. John Weyman, aged 36.
On the 11th inst. at Madison, Oneida county, Capt. Thomas Robinson, formerly of the Navy of the United States.
Reports of deaths, from the 9th to the 23d inst. being two weeks....91.

Seat of the Muses.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

SWEET is the scene when Virtue dies,
When sinks a righteous soul to rest;
How mildly beams the closing eyes!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

So fades a Summer's-cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies the wave along the shore.

Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
Fann'd by some angel's purple wing;—
O Grave! where is thy victory now?
Insidious Death! where is thy sting?

A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which nothing can destroy;
Nought can disturb the peace profound,
Which the unfetter'd soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where light and shade alternate dwell!
How bright th'unchanging morn appears;
Farewell, inconstant world!—farewell!

Its duty done,—as sinks the clay,
Light from the load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies."

LINES addressed by a POLISH Nobleman
TO HIS INFANT BOY SLEEPING.

SLEEP, sleep in peace, seraphic boy,
Thou tender pledge of love sincere;
Thy wretched parents' only joy,
And now their only solace here;
May happier prospects welcome thee on earth.
Then those, alas! have known, who gave thy beauties
birth.

The blushing hues, and crimson glows,
Which mantle on thy rosy cheek,
Thus lullaby'd to soft repose,
Thy soul's serenity bespeak;
No passions break thy gentle rest,
With cares thy tranquil heart distressing,
Calm is thy little infant breast,
And innocence, sweet boy, thy blessing:
No sad inquietude thy bliss beguiles,
For happy are thy days, and ev'ry moment smiles.

If ever down thy cherub face,
When some malignant ill appears,
The trickling drops each other chace,
And dim thy laughing eyes with tears;
Thy mother then, with folding arms,
As to her lips thy cheek she presses,
Will quickly sooth thy wild alarms,
And dry those tears in her caresses;
Thy little heart may ev'ry ill deride,
When to her bosom clasp'd, or cradl'd by her side.

As yet thou hast not learnt to share,
When told thy hapless parents' tale,
With them their griefs, or with a tear,
Thy country's miseries bewail,
Thou never yet, sweet boy, wast doom'd to prove
Perfidious friendship's pang, or sigh for slighted love.

No sad remembrance of the past
Has cross'd with cruelty unkind,
Thy infant memory, to blast
The sweetness of thy dawning mind;
Nor dread of future woe thy breast annoys,
Or with envenom'd sting its happiness destroys.

Sleep smiling innocence, secure,
May heav'n's sustaining hand be near,
And aid thee calmly to endure
The evils which await thee here:
Or may thy heart a conscious peace acquire,
And happy in itself no other bliss desire.

Epigram, on taking a Lady's Hand.

YOUR virtue, I hope, with your form may compare,
That your mind with your hand may be equally fair.

Morality.

He who blends instruction with delight,
Profit with pleasure, carries all the votes.

REGULATIONS OF THE PASSIONS.

AT your first setting out in life, especially when yet unacquainted with the world and its snares, when every pleasure enchants with its smile, and every object shines with the gloss of novelty; beware of the seducing appearances which surround you, and recollect what others have suffered from the power of headstrong desire. If you allow any passion, even though it be esteemed innocent, to acquire an absolute ascendant, your inward peace will be impaired. But if any which has the taint of guilt take early possession of your mind, you may date from that moment the ruin of your tranquillity.

Oppose early the beginnings of passion. Avoid particularly all such objects as are apt to excite passions which you know to predominate within you. As soon as you find the tempest rising, have recourse to every proper method, either of allaying its violence, or of escaping to a calmer shore. Hasten to call up emotions of an opposite nature. Study to conquer one passion by means of some other which is of less dangerous tendency. Never account any thing small or trivial which is in hazard of introducing disorder into your heart. Never make light of any desire which you feel gaining such progress as to threaten entire dominion. Blandishing it will appear at the first.—As a gentle and innocent emotion, it may steal into the heart; but as it advances, is likely to pierce you through with many sorrows.

Blair.

ON PRIDE.

"When I visited your father, he received me in his library, and on taking my leave showed me a shorter way out through a narrow passage, which was crossed by a beam over head, we were still talking as I withdrew, he accompanying me behind, and I turning partly towards him, when he said hastily, stoop, stoop. I did not understand him till I felt my head hit against the beam. He was a man who never missed an occasion of giving instruction; and upon this he said to me, 'You are young, and have the world before you, stoop as you go through it, and you will miss many hard thumps.'—This advice, thus beat into my head, has frequently been of use to me, I often think of it when I see pride mortified, and misfortunes brought upon people by carrying their heads too high."

DR. B. FRANKLIN.

PUBLIC FAVOUR.

PUBLIC favor is not less capricious than private friendship. It is a bird of passage, lost as soon as found; now in the moon, perhaps; now underground. He whom the voice of the public unites to praise, the public voice will conspire to censure.

[Polyanthos.

GOOD QUALITIES.

THE frank man is an ardent friend & an open undisguised enemy. He tells them personally of their treachery; and those he dislikes, he scorns in secret to calumniate.

Anecdote.

TWO SAILORS.

TWO sailors (one Irish and the other English) agreed reciprocally to take care of each other, in case of either being wounded in an action then about to commence. It was not long before the Englishman's leg was shot off by a cannon ball: and, on his calling to Paddy to carry him to the doctor, according to their agreement, the other very readily complied; but he had scarcely got his wounded companion on his back, when a second ball struck off the poor fellow's head. Paddy, who through the noise and disturbance common in a sea engagement, had not perceived his friend's last misfortune, continued to make the best of his way to the surgeon. An officer observing him with a headless trunk upon his shoulders, asked where he was going; To the Doctor," says Paddy. "The Doctor!" says the officer; why, you blockhead, the man has lost his head."—On hearing this, he flung the body from his shoulders, and, looking at it very attentively, "By my own shoul," says he, "he told me it was his leg."

THE ARTIFICE.

A Lady going to her chamber at Paris, perceived the legs of a man under her bed. Dissembling her terror, she exclaimed, "I have forgot to call at such a shop," and, going out of the room, locked the door, and went in search of a police officer.

The robber, finding himself in this dilemma, bethought him of a stratagem. He undressed himself and got into bed, when the lady returned with the Justice of the Peace. As they approached the bed, a voice within exclaimed, "What is the meaning of all this?" I want you," said the Justice. "O! I see the lady does not chuse to let me sleep any more with her," cried the thief—"I am very sorry it is not agreeable, and I shall go about my business." So saying, he dressed himself and marched off.

The lady vehemently protested against his being permitted to escape, but the magistrate told her it could not be otherwise; "For, by the law," said he, a thief is never presumed to be a thief; while women are well known to be fickle and inconstant.

STERNE.

THE duke of Newcastle being one day engaged in conversation with the late witty author of Tristram Shandy, and observing that men of genius were unfit to be employed, being generally incapable of business; the wit sarcastically replied—"They are not incapable my lord Duke, but above it; a sprightly, generous horse is able to carry a pack-saddle as well as an ass; but he is too good to be put to the drudgery."

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